



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Vio. 1.
Vio. 2, &va

Soprano solo.

Viola.
Bassi.

Et ho - mo

fac - - tus est,

The *Crucifixus* (*tutti mf*) in F minor, is in Mozart's most solemn style; and the whole movement will richly reward the lover of music, who examines it. The *Sanctus* is not one of the conspicuous parts of this Mass. It opens with an *Adagio*, which, though in a good church style, does not betray the Composer's usual elevation. A fugued *Hosanna*, with sequences and suspensions in the old style, follows. The *Benedictus*, a solo for an alto, or rather soprano voice, with obligato accompaniment for a viola, is on the most florid model of ancient Italian church music. This composition is not deficient in elegance, though for the most part in the taste of a bygone day.

The *Agnus Dei* consists of two movements, which are excellent; the first, a choral *Adagio*, forms the introduction to the *Dona nobis*, a fugue on two subjects, which is a very sprightly and animated piece of double counterpoint. Scoring so peculiar as that of the opening, with the two viole holding on octaves to the oboes, excites a wish to hear its effect. It seems to us that this movement is more extended than Mozart permitted himself in more experienced years. The *Dona nobis* is discursive on this lively and melodious subject:—

Allegro. Do - - na no - - bis,

Do - na no - bis pa - - - - cem,

Had not the 12th Mass more perfectly combined the Italian style with things in Mozart's best manner, the Mass Nos. 13 and 16 might have been almost equally popular. It is a pleasure to think what uncompromising lovers of music they must have been who invited Mozart to compose this Mass, and bade him not make haste to have done, like the Archbishop of Salzburg. Hence, the exuberant outburst of the music, which, from the number of solos and movements, and the dis-

play of counterpoint, tells undeniably of Italian taste. The composition was probably made for the chapel in Holland, where part of it was found—Mozart having left a great impression in his childhood in that country. The musician will derive more pleasure from intimately knowing this work than the opening bars seem to promise. Many pieces in it of great beauty are quite individual, and have never been reproduced in imitation by the author himself, or any other composer.

MUSIC

AMONG THE POETS AND POETICAL WRITERS.

By MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

(Continued from page 11.)

THE power of Song has been proclaimed by poets in ardent strains. Wordsworth has some fine lines on the influence of a national air:—

“When civic renovation
Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful haste
Best eloquence avails not, Inspiration
Mounts with a tune, that travels like a blast,
Piping through cave and battlemented tower;
Then starts the sluggard, pleased to meet
That voice of Freedom, in its power
Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet!”

Burns has celebrated the pious, earnest character of his native Scottish songs, where he describes them sung round the ingle nook after the cotter's supper:—

“They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise;
Or plaintive Martyr's, worthy of the name!
Or noble Elgin beats the heaven-ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ear no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.”

Byron is enthusiastic upon the subject of national song. He says:—

“One long-cherished ballad's simple stave,
Rung from the rock, or mingled with the wave,
Or from the bubbling streamlet's grassy side,
Or gathering mountain echoes as they glide,
Hath greater power o'er each true heart and ear,
Than all the columns Conquest's minions rear;
Invites, when hieroglyphics are a theme
For sages' labours or the student's dream;
Attracts, when History's volumes are a toil,—
The first, the freshest bud of Feeling's soil.”

Coleridge signifies his love for a mournful home-sung ballad, in these exquisite lines:—

“But O, dear Anne! when midnight wind careers,
And the gust pelting on the out-house shed
Makes the cock shrilly on the rain storm crow,
To hear thee sing some ballad full of woe,
Ballad of ship-wrecked sailor floating dead,
Whom his own true-love buried in the sands!
Thee, gentle woman, for thy voice re-measures
Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures
The things of Nature utter; birds or trees,
Or moan of ocean-gale in weedy caves,
Or where the stiff grass mid the heath-plant waves,
Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze.”

Music among the Poets and Poetical Writers—(continued.)

"Song should breathe of scents and flowers;
Song should like a river flow;
Song should bring back scenes and hours
That we loved—ah, long ago!

Song from baser thoughts should win us;
Song should charm us out of woe;
Song should stir the heart within us,
Like a patriot's friendly blow.

Pains and pleasures, all man doeth,
War and peace, and ill and wrong—
All things that the Soul subdueth
Should be vanquished, too, by Song.

Song should spur the mind to duty;
Nerve the weak, and stir the strong:
Every deed of truth and beauty,
Should be crowned by starry Song!"

Barry Cornwall.

"Blest be the song that brightens
The blind man's gloom, exalts the veteran's mirth;
Unscorned the peasant's whistling breath, that lightens
His duteous toil of furrowing the green earth.
For the tired slave, Song lifts the languid oar,
And bids it aptly fall, with chime
That beautifies the fairest shore,
And mitigates the harshest clime.
Yon pilgrims see—in lagging file
They move; but soon the appointed way
A choral *Ave Marie* shall beguile,
And to their hope the distant shrine
Glisten with a livelier ray:
Nor friendless he, the prisoner of the mine,
Who from the well-spring of his own clear breast
Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest."—Wordsworth.

The same poet has a sonnet upon the renowned effects which the Helvetian national air, the "*Ranz des vaches*," exercises upon the feelings of that mountain people. The lines were written on the top of the pass of Mount St. Gothard, when hearing the air:—

"I listen—but no faculty of mine
Avails those modulations to detect,
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect
With tenderest passion; leaving him to pine
(So fame reports) and die,—his sweet-breath'd kine
Remembering, and green Alpine pastures decked
With vernal flowers. Yet may we not reject
The tale as fabulous.—Here while I recline,
Mindful how others by this single strain
Are moved, for me—upon this mountain named
Of God himself from dread pre-eminence—
Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,
Yield to the Music's touching influence;
And joys of distant home my heart enchain."

"I have no objection," says the elegant and sparkling author of *Cecil, or the Memoirs of a Coxcomb*, "to a good, strong, honest verse, warm out of the depths of the heart, and sweet as the fragrance of a bean-field; which, like those of Burns, finds its echo in every memory—from palace to hovel, embalming the simplest thoughts and feelings for immortality; as the spikenard and rich gums of Egypt have preserved for thousands of centuries some humble bird or insect of the pastures of the Nile, sacred and secure, amid the mummied relics of high priests and kings:—But, I reverence the gift of Song, rather as a comfort of the Poor, than as the luxury of the rich; a divine vouchsafe-

ment like the flower in the field, or thrush in the thicket; to solace the ear and eye of those who toil through life with moistened brows and callous hands —'hewers of wood, and drawers of water,' and the only indication that reaches them of fairer and brighter things;—something to beguile the weariness of the spinning-wheel; the restlessness of the cradled child; the labor of the husbandman at his plough; of the miner at his squalid task; of the soldier plodding with blistered foot upon a foreign soil. I have stood among the vineyards in France, and listened to a chorus of peasant voices, chanting the stirring measures of Beranger:—I have stood by Tweed side, listening to the song of the reapers, till I forgot to despise the vocation of 'these same metre-balladmongers.'"

JOHN READING.

THE composer of the music of *Dulce Domum* was a scholar of Dr. Blow, at the Chapel Royal; afterwards he became a lay vicar, and also master of the children, in the cathedral church of Lincoln. Removing from thence, he became organist of the parish church of St. John, Hackney; afterwards of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, and of St. Mary Woolnoth, in London. He was the author of music which was very popular at the time he lived, known as "Play-house tunes," and also of a set of anthems, mentioned by Sir John Hawkins in his *History of Music*. The well-known Portuguese Hymn (as it is called), *Adeste fideles*, was composed by Reading. The accidental circumstance by which the *Adeste fideles* came to be called the Portuguese Hymn, is thus related in Novello's *Home Music*. The Duke of Leeds, who was a director of the Ancient Concert about the year 1785, heard the Hymn performed for the first time at the Portuguese Ambassador's Chapel, in South Street, Park Lane; and he, supposing it to be peculiar to the service in Portugal, introduced the melody at the Ancient Concerts, giving it the title of "The Portuguese Hymn," by which appellation this favorite and popular tune has ever since been distinguished.

Mr. Hullah has stated that John Reading was organist of Winchester College in 1675, without stating his authority. The composition of *Dulce Domum*, which seems to have been first used by the schoolboys at Winchester, makes it probable that Reading had some connection with the college; but no mention of it is made in Sir John Hawkins's *History*.

There is a tradition that the words of *Dulce Domum* were written by a scholar detained, as a punishment, during the holidays; but, as is well pointed out in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* for 1796, the sentiments of the words are rather those of a scholar looking forward with an early expectation of enjoying the delights of the home joys he describes, than of a boy who died of sorrow, chained to a post!

The English version has been added to the original Latin, which it is hoped will be found useful for the approaching vacation.

The various dates of 1675, 1680, and 1690, we have seen attached to different compositions by John Reading. Hawkins says, in 1776, "he died a very old man only a few years since." Jeremiah Clarke, who shot himself in 1707, dwelt in a house in St. Paul's Churchyard, situated on the place where the Chapter-house now stands; and Mr. Reading, who was passing by at the instant the pistol went off, entered the house, and found his friend in the agonies of death.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

This Journal will in future be published fortnightly on the 1st and 15th of every month.

We would request those who send us country newspapers, wishing us to read particular paragraphs, to mark the passage, by cutting a slit in the paper near it.